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**The London
universal song-book**

London

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THE

LONDON UNIVERSAL

SONG-BOOK.

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LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLER.

THE LONDON UNIVERSAL SONG-BOOK.

THE PLEASURES OF THE CHASE.

EXCEPT the folks that's fast asleep,
All nature now is waking ;
Aurora at the world a peep
Is in her night-cap taking.
Hark ! all the rory-tory boys,
Making a devil of a noise,
To cure the headache of last night,
The peaceable King's subjects fright,
And helter skelter come apace,
To enjoy the pleasures of the chase.

How sweet to be, as on we rush,
By the pig-tail entangling,
Midst a lovely thorny bush,
Or on a tree left dangling.
Ah, musha gra ! than wine and love
The joy of hunting's far above ;
Can either Cupid or the bowl
Such pleasures give ?—Ah, by my
soul !
Briars and thorns may scratch your
face,
Still great's the pleasure of the chase.

Then, when our mettle's at its pitch,
While tally-ho we're bawling,
Safe landed in a muddy ditch,
To be genteelly sprawling !
Ah, musha gra ! than wine and love
The joy of hunting's far above :
Can either Cupid or the bowl
Such pleasure give ?—Ah, by my
soul !
Let muddy ditches wash your face,
Still great's the pleasure of the chase.

Then, dripping like a drowning rat,
At night—you would not think it—
What glorious wine ! if it were not,
We're too fatigued to drink it.
Ah ! bodder not of love and war,—
The joy of hunting's greater far ;
Hark ! echo, in melodious tones,
Hallos and whistles, sighs and
groans ;
While many a broken sonce and face
Proclaim the pleasures of the chase.

JOHN O' BADENYON.

WHEN first I came to be a man,
Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
And fain the world would know :
In best attire I stepp'd abroad,
With spirits brisk and gay,
And here and there, and ev'rywhere,
Was like a morn in May.
No care I had, nor fear of want,
But rambled up and down ;
And for a beau I might have pass'd,
In country or in town.
I still was pleas'd where'er I went,
And when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself
With John of Badenyon.

Now, in the days of youthful prime,
A mistress I must find ;
For love, they say, gives one an air,
And e'en improves the mind :
On Phillis fair, above the rest,
Kind fortune fixed my eyes ;
Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
And she became my prize.

To Cupid then, with hearty prayer,
I offer'd many a vow,
And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and
swore,
As other lovers do :
But when at last I breath'd my flame,
I found her cold as stone ;—
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart be-
guil'd
With foolish hopes and vain,
To Friendship's port I steer'd my
course,
And laugh'd at lovers' pain :
A friend I got by lucky chance,—
'Twas something like divine ;
An honest friend's a precious gift,
And such a gift was mine.
And now, whatever might betide,
A happy man was I ;
In any strait I knew to whom
I freely might apply :
A strait soon came, my friend I tried,
He heard and spurn'd my moan ;—
I lied me home, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

What next to do I mus'd awhile,
Still hoping to succeed :
I pitch'd on books for company,
And gravely tried to read ;
I bought and borrow'd everywhere,
And studied night and day,
Nor miss'd what dean or doctor
wrote
That happen'd in my way.
Philosophy I now esteem'd
The ornament of youth,
And carefully, through many a page,
I hunted after truth :
A thousand various schemes I tried,
And yet was pleas'd with none ;—
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.
And now, ye youngsters, everywhere
Who want to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
For happiness below.

What you may fancy pleasure here
Is but an empty name ;
For girls, and friends, and books,
and so,
You'll find them all the same.
Then be advis'd, and warning take,
From such a man as me ;
I'm neither pope nor cardinal,
Nor one of high degree :
You'll find displeasure everywhere,—
Then do as I have done ;—
E'en tune your pipe, and please your-
self
With John of Badenyon.

DAINTY DOLLY.

BLOND of hair and blue of eye,
Philip sat, and thus did sigh :
'Dorothy, wert thou my wife,
I would love thee all my life !'
But the dainty Dolly cried,
'Yellow heads I can't abide !'

William, brown of eye and hair,
Next beset the freakish fair :
William was not great of limb,
Yet there was a soul in him.
Still the dainty Dolly cried,
'Little men I can't abide.'

Six years passed : another cried,
'Dorothy, be thou my bride ;
Hand and heart I offer thee,
And a pretty property.'
Still the dainty Dolly cried,
'Widowers I can't abide.'

Ten years fled : a miser came,
Hollow-eyed, and owned his flame ;
Toothless, tottering ; scarce could
stand,
Offered her his bony hand,
Long and stiff as any crutch :
Dolly shrank back from the touch.
But the generous mother cried,
'Wilt not be the rich man's bride ?'

Dolly sees meanwhile, each day,
Here and there a hair grow gray ;

Takes, at length, the old skinny's
purse—

Takes 'for better or for worse.'

Now this jewel of a wife

He has, well locked up, for life.—

Hear what Dolly now doth sing—

'Gentle maidens, sow in spring!'

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

THREE goddesses would know which
was the prettiest, they say,
And took a trip to Paris, thinking
that the nearest way;

They all of them were beautiful, as
you may well suppose,
And very much in fashion, for they'd
very little clothes.

Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira, lira, la.

This Paris, I should tell you, was no
city, by the bye,
No more he knew of fam'd St. Cloud
than of the Isle of Sky;
But sheep upon a common fed, as
tender as Southdown,
For, though his father was a king, he
wasn't worth a crown.

Lira, lira, &c.

The boy was reading moral tales, his
sheep around reclin'd,
For ev'ry day he thus improv'd his
mutton and his mind;
But when he saw the ladies, all as-
tonishment, said he,
'I never yet saw beauty arm'd so
truly cap-a-pie!'

Lira, lira, la.

Grave Pallas, from her helmet-bon-
net, gave the youth a wink,
And said, 'My lad, pray which of us
the prettiest do you think?
Say me, you fool, I'll make you wise;
so answer as you're bid!'
Said he, 'I think I really should
want wisdom if I did.'

Lira, lira, la.

Said Juno, 'You shall be the richest
shepherd in the land,
If me, as best, you'll give that golden
rennet in your hand;'
Said Venus, 'that you'd die for Nell
those love-sick looks declare;
Then pray give me that apple, and
I'll make you two a pair.'

Lira, lira, la.

'A match!' he cried, through love of
Nell. Thus Venus won the field,
But Juno by her peacock swore, and
Pallas by her shield,
The match they'd spoil; and so they
did: for, when he'd his desire,
It prov'd a match that lit a flame to
set old Troy on fire.

Lira, lira, la.

SONG OF THE STROMKERL.

COME dance, elfins, dance, for my
harp is in tune;
The wave-rocking gales are all
lull'd to repose,
And the breath of this exquisite
ev'ning of June
Is scented with laurel, and myrtle,
and rose.

Each lily that bends to the breast of
my stream,
And sleeps on the water trans-
parently bright,
Will in ecstacy wake, like a bride
from her dream,
When my tones stir the dark
plumes of silence and night.

My silken-wing'd bark shall career
by the shore,
As calmly as yonder white cloud
on the air;
And the notes you have heard with
such rapture before
Shall impart new delight to the
young and the fair.

The banks of my streams are enameled with flowers;
Come, shake from their petals the sweet starry dew;—
Such music and incense can only be ours,
While clear falls the summer sky's curtain of blue.
Come, queen of the revels—come, fall into bands,
The elves and the fairies that follow your train,
Tossing your dresses and wreathing your hands;
Let the dainty dance to my wave-wafted strain.
'Tis the stromkerl who calls you, the boy of the stream;
I hear the first hum of your voices afar;—
Come, dance,—I will play till the morn's rosy beam
In splendour shall melt the last ling'ring star.

THE LOVER.

LONG by some fair one was I trick'd,
Deceiv'd by Amaryllis,
By Cælia maul'd, by Daphne kick'd,
And cuff'd about by Phillis.
Whene'er, to tell my dying tale,
Some Chloe I'd run after,
'Tis strange, but never did I fail,
To make her die with laughter.

I lov'd sweet Hebe fair and young;—
'Be of your raptures thrifty,'
Cried tattling Clamour's busy tongue,
'Why she has lovers fifty!'
Resolv'd to try, I quickly prov'd
'Twas false, by reasons plenty;
For soon I found she dearly lov'd
But me—and five-and-twenty.

To self-denying Delia win,
I various presents sent her;
All gold could buy I sent her in,
But nothing would content her.

I sent her trinkets without end,
Gems, pearls, to make her civil;
Till, having nothing more to send,
I sent her—to the devil.

Yet, after all, I am in love,
Mad, tipsy, all on fire;
No minion of the Cyprian grove
E'er rag'd with passion higher.
My head turns round, I'm in a flame,
I love like any dragon:
Say, would you know my mistress'
name?
O! 'tis a smiling flagon.

Thus we've of tars a story told,
Of fabulous production,
To syrens list'ning, who, of old,
Went headlong to destruction:
The song, alas! was but a lure,
To make a wave their pillow;
And those Charybdis 'scap'd were
sure
To tumble—into Scylla.

JESSIE.

JESSIE, I have loved thee,
Loved thee long, and well, and
truly;
I ne'er dream'd to lose thee,
Never thought to part.
Yet, tho' false I've proved thee,
These fond lips shall ne'er upbraid
thee;
Not one wish to harm thee
Dwells within this heart.

We were like twin flowrets rear'd,
The storm and sunlight sharing;
Thou wert dear as life to me,
Beyond all else comparing.
Think, then, how I mourn thee,
Now to part, to say farewell;
Jessie I have loved thee
More than tongue can tell.

Jessie, tho' thou griev'st not
Now affection's bond to sunder,

Tho' thou feel'st no anguish,
Thus love's chain to break,
After years may lead thee
O'er the past with tears to ponder,
Then, *my* grief remember,
Borne for thy dear sake.

Then, perhaps, thou'l seek, in vain,
A space thus lost so blindly,
Wish thou ne'er hadst me deceiv'd,
So coldly, so unkindly.
Oh! tho' doom'd to lose thee,
Take my last, my fond farewell;
Jessie I have loved thee
More than tongue can tell.

THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

THE morn was fair—th's skies were
clear—
No breath came o'er the sea,
When Mary left her Highland cot,
And wander'd forth with me;
Though flowers decked the mountain
side,
And fragrance filled the vale—
By far the sweetest flower there
Was the Rose of Allandale,
The Rose of Allandale,
The Rose of Allandale—
By far the sweetest flower there
Was the Rose of Allandale.

Where'er I wander'd east or west,
Though fate began to lower,
A solace still was she to me
In sorrow's lonely hour.
When tempests lash'd our gallant
bark,
And rent her shivering sail,
One maiden form withstood the
storm—
'Twas the Rose of Allandale,
The Rose of Allandale,
The Rose of Allandale—
One maiden form withstood the
storm—
'Twas the Rose of Allandale.

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd
On Afric's burning sand,
She whisper'd hopes of happiness,
And tales of distant land:
My life had been a wilderness,
Unblest by fortune's gale,
Had fate not link'd my lot to hers,—
The Rose of Allandale,
The Rose of Allandale,
The Rose of Allandale—
Had fate not link'd my lot to hers,—
The Rose of Allandale.

WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE.

WHA wadna fecht for Charlie?
Wha wadna draw the sword?
Wha wadna up and rally
At the royal Prince's word?
Think on Scotia's ancient heroes,
Think on foreign foes repell'd,
Think on glorious Bruce and Wallace,
Who the proud usurpers quell'd.
Wha wadna fecht, &c.

Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!
Rouse, ye heroes of the north!
Rouse, and join your chieftain's ban-
ners,
'Tis your Prince that leads you forth!
Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
Shall we own a foreign sway?
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,
While a stranger rules the day?
Wha wadna fecht, &c.

See the northern clans advancing!
See Glengarry and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broadswords glanc-
ing!
Highland hearts are true as steel.
Now our Prince has raised his banner
Now triumphant is our cause;
Now the Scottish lion rallies,
Let us strike for Prince and laws!
Wha wadna fecht, &c.

IN THE GREENWOOD FREE.

IN the greenwood free, 'neath the broad oak tree,

The fairies revel merrily;
While the bright stars gleam o'er the bubbling stream,

And the fox from his earth steals warily:

The dark-eyed fawn to his lair is gone,

In the tall fern cow'ring timidly;
And the crafty snake to the tangled brake,

Is gliding onward hurriedly,
Is gliding onward hurriedly.

IN the greenwood free, 'neath the broad oak tree,

The fairies revel merrily;
While the bright stars gleam o'er the bubbling stream,

And the fox from his earth steals warily.

IN the greenwood free, 'neath the broad oak tree—

'Neath the broad oak tree.

From the blue hare-bell and the wreathed shell,

The fairy crew troop merrily,
And they dance their round on the dewy ground,

While their tiny laugh sounds cheerly.

Thus all night long till the matin's song

From the convent grey comes dreamily—

Thus all night long till the matin's song,

From the convent grey comes dreamily.

From the blue hare-bell and the wreathed shell,

The fairy crew troop merrily,
And they dance their round on the dewy ground,

While their tiny laugh sounds cheerly.

In the greenwood free, 'neath the broad oak tree,
In the greenwood free, &c.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

THERE'S a land that bears a world-known name,

Tho' 'tis but a little spot;
'Tis the first on the blazing scroll of fame,

And who shall aver it is not.
Of the deathless ones who shine and live,

In arms, in arts, in song;
The brightest the whole world can give

To that little land belong.
'Tis the star of the earth, deny it who can,

The island home of an Englishman.
'Tis the star of the earth, &c.

There's a flag that waves o'er ev'ry sea,

No matter when or where;
And to treat that flag as ought but the free

Is more than the strongest dare.
For the lion spirits that tread the deck,

Have carried the palm of the brave,
And that flag may sink with a shot-torn wreck,

But never float o'er a slave.
Its honour is stainless, deny it who can,

The flag of a true born Englishman.
Its honour is stainless, &c.

There's a heart that leaps with burning glow,

The wrong'd and the weak to defend;
And strikes as soon for a trampled foe,

As it does for a soul-bound friend.
It nurtures a deep and honest love—
The passions of faith and pride—

And yearns with the fondness of a dove,
To the light of its own fireside.
Tis a rich rough gem, deny it who can,
The heart of a true-born Englishman.
'Tis a rich rough gem, &c.

The Briton may traverse the pole or the zone,
(And boldly claim his right;
For he calls such a vast domain his own,
That the sun never sets on his might.
Let the haughty stranger seek to know,
The place of his home and birth,
And a flush will pour from cheek to brow,
While he tells of his native earth.
'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That's breath'd in the words, I'm an Englishman.
'Tis a glorious charter, &c.

I'M GOING FOR A SOLDIER, JENNY.

I'M going for a soldier, Jenny,
Going o'er the rolling sea;
They've given me a golden guinea,
That they say has listed me.
'Tis no use to fall a-crying,
Give your senseless weeping o'er;
Many a day you've heard me sighing;
You should have been kind before.
'Tis very fine and pretty, Jenny,
Now to wish that I should stay;
But indeed I'm thinking, hinny,
We'll not meet this many a day.
What if heart and spirit sinking,
What if I should come to shame;
Be it as it may, I'm thinking
You alone will be to blame.

Long and dearly I have lov'd you,
As you must full well have known;
If I had not faithless prov'd you.
I had never reckless grown.

But fare you well! the hours are flying,
Time it is that I was gone;
When next another heart you're trying,
Jenny, look into your own.

NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

AND are ye sure the news are true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to talk o' wark?
Mak haste, set by your wheel.
Is this a time to talk o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Gie me my cluik, I'll to the quay
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck of ava;
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pat,
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jack his Sunday coat,
And make their shoon as black as
slaes
Their hose as white as snaw,
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa.
For there's nae luck, &c.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
They've fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and throw their necks
about,
That Colin weel my fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,
It's a' for love o' my gudeman,
For he's been lang awa.
For there's nae luck, &c.

O gie me down my bigonet,
 My bishop satin gown,
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife,
 That Colin's come to town.
 My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
 My hose o' pearl blue,
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's baith leal and true.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true's his words, sae smooth's his speech,
 His breath's like caller air,
 His very foot has music in't,
 When he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again,
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

DO YOU EVER THINK OF ME.

Do you ever think of me, love,
 Do you ever think of me,
 When I'm far away from thee, love,
 With my bark upon the sea?
 My thoughts are ever turning
 To thee, where'er I roam;
 And my heart is ever yearning
 For the quiet scenes of home.
 Then tell me, do you ever,
 When my bark is on the sea,
 Give a thought to him who never
 Can cease to think of thee?
 When sailing o'er the billows
 Do you think I once forgot,
 The streamlet and the willows,
 Beneath whose shade we met?
 No! I fancy thou art near me,
 And I often breathe a sigh,
 When the waves alone can hear me,
 And the winds alone reply.
 Then tell me, do you ever,
 When my bark is on the sea,
 Give a thought to him who never
 Can cease to think of thee?

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
 How my childhood fleeted by,
 The mirth of its December,
 And the warmth of its July.
 On my brow, love, on my brow, love,
 There are no signs of care;
 But my pleasures are not now, love,
 What childhood's pleasures were.
 I remember, &c.

Then the bowers, then the bowers,
 Were as blithe as blithe could be,
 And all their radiant flowers
 Were coronals for me.
 Gems to-night, love, gems to-night,
 love,
 Are gleaming in my hair;
 But they are not half so bright, love,
 As childhood's roses were.
 I remember, &c.

I was merry, I was merry,
 When my little lovers came,
 With a lily or a cherry,
 Or a new invented game;
 Now I've you, love, now I've you, love,
 To kneel before me there;
 But you know you're not so true,
 love,
 As childhood's lovers were.
 I remember, &c.

SCOTLAND YET.

GAE bring my guid auld harp ance
 mair,
 Gae bring it free and fast,
 For I maun sing anither sang
 Ere a' my glee be past;
 An' trow ye, as I sing, my lads,
 The burden o't shall be—
 Auld Scotland's howes and Scotland's
 knowes,
 And Scotland's hills for me;
 I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
 Wi' a' the honours three!
 The heath waves wild upon her hills,
 And foaming through the fells,

Her fountains sing of freedom still,
As they dash down the dells;
For weel I lo'e the land, my lads,
That's girded by the sea—
Then Scotland's vales, and Scotland's
dales,
And Scotland's hills for me;
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three!

The thistle wags upon the fields,
Where Wallace bare his blade,
That gave her foeman's dearest blude,
To dye her auld grey plaid;
And looking to the lift, my lads,
He sang this doughty glee—
Auld Scotland's richt, and Scotland's
micht,
And Scotland's hills for me;
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three!

They tell o' lan's wi' briether skies,
Where freedom's voice ne'er rang,
Gie me the lan' where Ossian dwelt,
And Coila's minstrel sang—
For I've nae skill o' lan's, my lads,
That kenna to be free—
Then Scotland's richt, and Scotland's
micht,
And Scotland's hills for me;
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three!

CLERK RICHARD AND MAID MARGARET.

THERE were two who lov'd each
other
For many years, till hate did start;
And yet they never quite could
smother
The former love that warm'd their
heart:
And both did love, and both did
hate,—
Till both fulfill'd the will of fate.
Years after, and the maid did marry
One that her heart had ne'er ap-
prov'd;

Nor longer could Clerk Richard
tarry,
Where he had lost all that he
lov'd:
To foreign lands he reckless went,
To nourish love, hate, discontent.

A word, an idle word of folly,
Had spill'd their love when it was
young;
And hatred, grief, and melancholy,
In either heart as idly sprung:
And yet they lov'd, and hate did
wane,
And much they wish'd to meet again.

Of Richard still is Margaret dream-
ing,
His image linger'd in her breast;
And oft at midnight, to her seeming,
Her former lover stood confess'd;
And shedding on her bosom tears,
The bitter wrecks of happier years.

Where'er he went by land or ocean,
Still Richard sees Dame Margaret
there;
And every throb and kind emotion
His bosom knew were felt for her:
And never new love hath he che-
rish'd,—
The pow'r to love with first love
perish'd.

Homeward is Clerk Richard sailing,
An altered man from him of old!
His hate had chang'd to bitter wail-
ing,

And love resum'd its wonted hold
Upon his heart, which yearn'd to see
The haunts and loves of infancy.

He knew her faithless,—nathless,
ever

He lov'd her though no more his
own;
Nor could he proudly now dissever
The chain that round his heart was
thrown:

He lov'd her, without hope, yet true,
And sought her, but to say adieu.

For even in parting there is pleasure,
A sad sweet joy that wrings the
soul;

And there is grief surpassing measure,
That will not bide or brook con-
trol:

And yet a formal fond leave-taking
Does ease the heart albeit by break-
ing.

O! there is something in the feeling,
And trembling falter of the hand;
And something in the tear down
stealing.

And voice so broken, yet so bland;
And something in the word farewell,
Which worketh like a powerful spell.

These lovers met, and never parted,—

They met as lovers wont to do;
Who met when both are broken-
hearted,

To breathe a last and long adieu.
Pale Margaret wept, Clerk Richard
sigh'd,
And in each other's arms they died.

NANINE, OR THE EMIGRANT.

ON the waves the wind was sleeping,
Swift the boat approach'd the land,
There a lovely maid sat weeping,—

Who can female tears withstand?
Hush'd at once the boatman's ditty,
Gently dipp'd his silent oar,
While he said, in sounds of pity,
'Prithee,—sweetheart,—weep no
more.'

Then on land he sprang so lightly,
While, with mingled hopes and
fears,

Rais'd the maid her head, and brightly
Beam'd her blue eyes through her
tears;

Left expos'd to want and danger,
Friendless on a foreign shore,—
'Ah! she said, 'you vainly, stranger,
Kindly tell me, weep no more!'

'Far from home, an exile roving,
Where shall now my shelter be?
Lost each friend so lov'd, so loving,—
Now what heart shall feel for me?
Poor Nanine, thy brain is turning!
Poor Nanine, thy heart is sore!
Poor Nanine, thy tears are burning,—
Die, Nanine,—and weep no more!'

'Mark,' he cried, 'yon distant city,—
There my shelter thine shall be;
Mark my bosom swell'd by pity,—
There's a heart which feels for thee:
All my wealth I here surrender,
'Tis not gems, nor shining ore;
'Tis a heart, warm, honest, tender;
Take it, sweet,—and weep no
more.'

Gently tow'rs his boat he led her,
Soon it touch'd his native strand;
There his labour cloth'd and fed her,
There he gain'd her heart and
hand:
Still with love his eyes behold her;
Still, though many a year is o'er,
Does he bless the hour he told her,
'Prithee, sweetheart,—weep no
more!'

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

FAREWELL to the land where the
gloom of my glory

Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth
with her name:
She abandons me now, but the page
of her story,

The brightest, or blackest, is fill'd
with my fame.
I have warr'd with a world which
vanquish'd me only

When the meteor of conquest al-
lur'd me too far;
I have cop'd with the nations which
dread me thus lonely,

The last single captive to millions
in war.

Farewell to thee, France! but when
 Liberty rallies,
 Once more in thy regions remem-
 ber me then;
 The violet grows in the depth of thy
 valleys,
 Though withered, thy tears will
 unfold it again.
 Yet, yet may I baffle the hosts that
 surround us,
 And yet may thy heart leap awake
 to my voice:
 There are links which must break in
 the chain that has bound us,—
 Then turn thee, and call on the
 chief of thy choice.

THE PIC-NIC.

A PIC-NIC—a pic-nic! so happy to-
 gether,
 Intelligent women, agreeable men!
 The middle of June, so we must have
 fine weather.—
 We'll go upon donkeys to Boggle-
 my Glen.
 There has not been rain for six weeks,
 and at present
 There is not the slightest appear-
 ance of change;
 No pic-nic, I'm sure, ever yet was so
 pleasant;
 Few people can realize all they
 arrange.

O! these words at night were the
 very last spoken;
 The first in the morning were
 equally gay;
 There is a great mist, which we know
 is a token
 At noon we shall have a most ex-
 quisite day.
 The donkeys arrive, and the sociables
 meant for
 The matrons unfitted for side-saddle
 seats;

The baskets of prog and the hampers
 are sent for,
 And pack'd in the rumble and
 under the seats.
 And now we are off—all the carriages
 quite full;
 Do look at Miss Symons—how
 oddly she sits!
 No sun to annoy us!—it's really de-
 lightful!
 Don't mind Mrs. Watkins—she
 says that it spits:
 Some people take pleasure in throw-
 ing cold water
 On parties of pleasure, and talking
 of damp!
 She's just the ill-natur'd old woman
 I thought her;
 We'll laugh at her presently when
 we encamp.
 My donkey, in stooping to gather a
 thistle,
 Was very near throwing me over
 his head!—
 Dear me! I do think it's beginning
 to drizzle,
 O! let us take shelter in yonder
 old shed!
 How foolish to put on my white satin
 bonnet,—
 I envy Miss Martin, for she's in
 the straw!
 My lilac pelisse, too,—the water drips
 on it,—
 The prettiest lilac that ever I saw!

For my own part, I own I like this
 sort of morning;
 With sun perpendicular what
 could we do?
 So pleasant to find the dust laid
 when returning!
 'Twill clear up at twelve, or at
 latest at two.
 And now we're at Bogglemy—dear!
 how unlucky!
 I'm sure I heard something like
 thunder just then!

The place is so gloomy, the path is
mucky,—

I scarce can believe we're at Bog-
glemy Glen!

We cannot dine under the trees—it
would kill us;

We'll try to take shelter in yonder
retreat:

O dear! it's a dirty old cow-house—
'twill kill us,

If all must crowd into it—think of
the heat!

A soup-plate inverted Miss Millington
uses

To keep her thin slippers above
the wet clay;

Oh! see—through the roof how the
rain-water oozes,

The dinner will all taste of dripping
to-day!

A pic-nic—a pic-nic! so wretched
together,

All draggle-tail'd women, and
cross-looking men;

The middle of June—yet this terrible
weather

Has made a morass of sweet Bog-
glemy Glen!

It rains just like buckets of water;
at present

There is not the slightest appear-
ance of change!

'Twas very absurd to leave Waterloo
Crescent,—

Few people can realize all they
arrange!

CHARTER OAK.

CHARTER Oak, Charter Oak! tell us
a tale

Of the years that have fled, like the
leaves on the gale,

For thou bearest a brave annal on
thy brown root and stem,

And thy heart was a casket for li-
berty's gem.

Speak out in thy wisdom, oracular
tree,

And we and our children will listen
to thee;

For the love of the aged is dear in
our eyes,

Thy leaves and thy acorns as relics
we prize.

Charter Oak, Charter Oak! tell us a
tale

Of the years that have fled like the
leaves on the gale,

For thou bearest a brave annal on
thy brown root and stem,

And thy heart was a casket for li-
berty's gem.

See them, they come, the dim ages
of old,

The sires of our nation, true-hearted
and bold;

The axe of the woodman rings sharp
thro' the glade,

And the worn Indian hunter reclines
in thy shade.

I see them, they come! the gray
fathers are there,

Who won from the forest this heri-
tage fair;

With their high trust in heaven they
suffer'd or toil'd,

Both the tempest and tyrant un-
flinching they foil'd.

Charter Oak, Charter Oak! ancient
and fair,

Thou didst guard of our freedom the
rudiment rare.

So, a crown of green leaves be thy
gift, noble tree,

With the love of the brave and the
thanks of the free.

SWEET ROSE OF HAZELDEAN.

How brightly beams the bonnie moon
Frae out the azure sky,

While ilka little star aboon
Seems sparkling bright wi' joy!

How calm the eve! how blest the hour!

How soft the sylvan scene! How fit to meet thee, lovely flower!
Sweet rose of Hazeldean.

Now let us wander through the broom;
And o'er the flowery lea;
While summer wafts her rich perfume
Frae yonder hawthorn tree;
There on yon mossy bank we'll rest,
Where we've sae often been,
Clasp'd to each other's throbbing breast,
Sweet rose of Hazeldean.

How sweet to view that face so meek,
That dark expressive eye;
To kiss that lovely blushing cheek,
Those lips of coral dye!
But oh! to hear thy seraph strains,
Thy maiden sighs between,
Makes rapture thrill through all my veins,
Sweet rose of Hazeldean.

Oh! what to us is wealth or rank?
Or what is pomp or power?
More dear this velvet mossy bank,
This blest ecstatic hour;
I'd covet not the monarch's throne,
Nor diamond-studded queen,
While blest wi' thee, and thee alone,
Sweet rose of Hazeldean.

CHASE AT SEA.

FRESH blows the breeze, the gallant ship
Glides o'er the rising wave,
The jovial song of love and home
Delights the British brave.
But hark, aloft the watchful tar
A sail in sight descries,—
'A sail! a sail! a sail in sight,'
Each bounding heart replies.

Ahead she lies, a lofty bark,
Ahead five leagues or more;
The signal made, she proves a foe,
And stands for Gallia's shore.

'All hands give chase,' the boatswain calls;

All hands to call attend,
To clear the deck, to loose the reef,
And sheets and halyards bend.

In vain she spreads the swelling sail,
In vain to land she flies;
The bolts of war around her play,
To leeward now she lies.
Now daring rage and battle's roar
To joy and mirth give place,
Britannia's flag triumphant flies,
And vict'ry crowns the chase,

BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

ON the banks of Allan water,
When the sweet spring-time did fall,
Was the miller's lovely daughter,
Fairest of them all.
For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he;
On the banks of Allan water,
None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan water,
When brown autumn spreads its store,
There I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smiled no more.
For the summer grief had brought her,

And her soldier false was he;
On the banks of Allan water,
None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan water,
When the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter,
Chilling blew the blast.
But the miller's lovely daughter,
Both from cold and care was free.
On the banks of Allan water,
There a corse lay she.

A coquette may be compared to tinder, which catches sparks, but does not always succeed in lighting a match.

BLANCHE ALPEN.

You speak of sunny skies to me—
Of orange grove and bower;
Of winds that wake soft melody
From leaf and blooming flow'r.
And you may prize those fair skies,
But tempt me not to roam;
In sweet content my days are spent,
Then, wherefore leave my home?
In sweet content my days are spent,
Then, wherefore leave my home?

You tell me oft of rivers bright,
Where golden galleys float;
But have you seen our lakes by night,
Or sail'd in Alpine boat?
You speak of lands where hearts and
hands
Will greet me as I come;
But though I find true hearts and
kind,
They're kinder still at home;
But though I find true hearts and
kind,
They're kinder still at home.

Had you been reared by Alpine hills,
Or loved in Alpine dells;
You'd prize, like me, our mountain
rills,
Nor fear the torrent swells.
It matters not how drear's the spot—
How proud or poor the dome—
Love still retains some deathless
chains,
That bind the heart to home;
Love still retains some deathless
chains,
That bind the heart to home.

ROSE ATHERTON.

THE summer days are coming,
The blossom decks the bough,
The bees are gaily humming,
And the birds are singing now:
We have had our May-day garlands,
We have crowned our May-day
Queen

With a coronal of roses,
Set on leaves of brightest green.
But her reign is nearly over—
The spring is on the wane;
O, haste thee, gentle summer,
To our pleasant land again.

The minstrel of the moonlight—
The love-lorn nightingale,
Hath sung his month of music
To the Rose Queen of the vale;
And what though he be silent,
As the night comes slowly on,
We'll have dances on the green sward
To sweet music of our own.
Oh! the summer days are coming,
And the summer nights more dear;
O, haste thee, gentle summer,
For there's joy when thou art near.

We'll rise and hail thee early,
Before the sun hath dried
The dew-drops that will sparkle
On the green hedge by our side.
And when the blaze of noon-day
Glares upon the thirsty flowers,
We will seek the welcome covert
Of our jasmine-shaded bowers.
Oh! the summer days are coming,
And the summer nights more dear;
O, haste thee, gentle summer,
For there's joy when thou art near.

MINONA ASHTORE.

WHEN waking with the rosy day,
From golden dreams of thee,
I watch the orient sunbeams play
Along the purple sea!
Oh! then I cannot choose but weep,
Thou art mine no more,
Ah! gramachree, ma cholleenoge,
Minona ashtore.

When twilight brings the weeping
hours,
Thatadden all the grove,
And angels leave their starry bow'rs
To watch o'er faithful love;

Thy parting words, to me so sweet,
I breathe them o'er and o'er;
Ah! gramachree, ma cholleenoge,
Minona ashtore.

But soon they'll lay me in the grave,
Where broken hearts should be;
And when beyond the distant wave,
Thou dream'st of meeting me;
My sorrows will be all forgot,
And all the love I bore,
Ah! gramachree, ma cholleenoge,
Minona ashtore.

MY MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

THERE, there hangs the portrait
which fondly I prize,
The pride of my heart, the delight of
my eyes.
My mother, my mother! I think oft,
with tears,
Of thy undying fondness that grew
with my years.
Oh, how kindly she watch'd me, how
pure was her love,
And tho' proud as the eagle, she still
was the dove.
Deep and rich were her feelings, and
anxious her care,
And I bless her while viewing that
dear face there!

Oft, oft, when I gaze on those fea-
tures so fair,
As mild as an angel's, upraised in
pray'r,
I fancy her eyes beam with fondness
on me,
And my kind mother there, as in life,
still I see.
She is shrin'd in my heart, but, alas!
with a tear
I bedew the fair semblance I wor-
shipp'd so here,
And turn from the world oft, to
utter a pray'r,
And to look, unobserv'd, on that dear
face there.

Sweet mother, in childhood you
cradled my head,
And I pillow'd thine when thou slept
with the dead.
All, all my heart's treasures were
center'd in thee,
And for aye unforgotten thy mem'ry
will be.
The soft sweet voice that bless'd me
falls now on mine ear,
And the hands that caress'd me seem
still to be near.
Tears shame not a man when a tear
aids the pray'r
That I breathe for the peace of that
dear face there!